

The Historie of

And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, and coosin *Glendower*, wil you sit downe?
And vncke *Worcester*; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the Map.

Glen. No, heere it is; sit coosin *Percy*, sit good coosin *Hotspur*;
for by that name, as often as *Lancaster* doth speake of you, his
cheeke lookes pale, and with a rising sigh hee wisheth you in
Heauen.

Hot. And you in Hell, as oft as hee heares *Owen Glendower*
spoke of.

Glen. I cannot blame him; at my natiuitie,
The front of Heauen was full of fire shapes,
Of burning Cressets: and at my birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hot. Why so it would haue done at the same season, if your
mothers Cat had but kitned, though your selfe had neuer bene
borne.

Glen. I say, the Earth did shake when I was borne.

Hot. And I say, the Earth was not of my minde,
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

Glen. The Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hot. Oh, then the Earth shooke to see the Heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your Natiuitie:

Diseased Nature oftentimes breakes forth
In strange eruptions, and the teeming Earth,
Is with a kinde of Collicke pincht and vext,
By the imprisoning of vnruely Winde

Which in her wombe, which for enlargement struiuing,
Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and toples downe
Steeple, and molle-growne Towers. At your Birth
Our Grandam Earth, hauing this distemperature,
In passion shooke.

Glen. Coosin, of many men
I doe not beare these crosings: giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my Birth,
The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes,
The Goats ranne from the Mountaines; and the Heards
Were strange y clamorous to the frighted Fields,

These

Henry the F

These signes haue markt me ext
And all the courses of my life do
I am not in the roll of common
Where is the liuing, clipt in with
That chides the Banks of *England*
Which calls me pupill, or hath re
And bring him out that is but W
Can trace me in the tedious way
And hold me pace in deepe exp

Hot. I thinke there's no man f
lle to dinner.

Mor. Peace coosen *Percy*, you

Glen. I can call Spirits from t

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can
But will they come, when you do

Glen. Why, I can teach thee coo

Hot. And I can teach thee coo

By telling truth. Tell truth, and

If thou haue power to raise him,

And Ile be sworne, I haue powe

Oh while you liue, tell truth, and

Mor. Come, come no more

Glen. Three times hath *Henry*

Against my power, thrice from

And Sandy bottom'd *Seuerne* ha

Bootes home, and weather-be

Hot. Home without Bootes,

How scapes he agues in the diu

Glen. Come, here is the Map

According to our threefold ord

Mor. The *Arch-deacon* hath

Into three limits, very equally:

England from *Trent*, and *Seuerne*

By South and East, is to my part

All Westward *Wales* beyond the

And all the fertile land within th

To *Owen Glendower*: and deare

The remnant Northward, lyin

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